

Eclectic Magazine.—Supplement.

AUGUST, 1900.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

QUITS.*

"You have come here to-day on purpose to tell me this?" said Selma.

"I thought you would be interested to hear that my cousins had recognized me at last. I remember, you thought it strange that they should take so little notice of me." Flossy's festive manner had disappeared before the tart reception of her confidences, and her keen wits, baffled in their search for flattery, recalled the suspicions which were only slumbering. She realized that Selma was seriously offended with her, and though she did not choose to acknowledge to herself that she knew the cause, she had already guessed it. An encounter at repartee had no terrors for her, if necessary, and the occasion seemed to her opportune for probing the accumulating mysteries of Selma's hostile demeanor. Yet, without waiting for a response to her last remark, she changed the subject and said, volubly, "I hear your husband has refused to build the new Parsons house because Mrs. Parsons insisted on drawing the plans."

Selma's pale, tense face flushed. She thought for a moment that she was being taunted.

"That was Mr. Littleton's decision, not mine."

"I admire his independence. He was quite right. What do Mrs. Parsons or

her daughter know about architecture? Every body is laughing at them. You know I consider your husband a friend of mine, Selma."

"And we are friends, too, I believe?" Selma exclaimed, after a moment of stern silence.

"Naturally," responded Flossy, with a slightly sardonic air, prompted by the acerbity with which the question was put.

"Then, if we were friends—are friends—why have you ceased to associate with us, simply because you live in another street and a finer house?"

Flossy gave a gasp.

"Oh," she said to herself, "it's true. She is jealous. Why didn't I appreciate it before?"

"Am I not associating with you now by calling on you, Selma?" she said aloud. "I don't understand what you mean."

"You are calling on me, and you asked us to dinner to meet—to meet just the people we knew already; and didn't care to meet; but you have never asked me to meet your new friends, and you left us out when you gave your dancing party."

"You do not dance."

"How do you know?"

"I have never associated you with dancing. I assumed that you did not dance."

"What grounds had you for such an assumption?"

*Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. Copyright, 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

"Really, Selma, your catechism is most extraordinary. Excuse my smiling. And I don't know how to answer your questions—your fierce questions—any better. I didn't ask you to my party because I supposed you and your husband were not interested in that sort of thing, and would not know any of the people. You have often told me that you thought they were frivolous."

"I consider them so still."

"Then why do you complain?"

"Because—because you have not acted like a friend. Your idea of a friendship has been to pour into my ears, day after day, how you had been asked to dinner by this person and taken up by that person, until I was weary of the very sound of your voice, but it seems not to have occurred to you, as a friend of mine, and a friend and admirer of my husband, to introduce us to people whom you were eager to know, and who might have helped him in his profession. And now, after turning the cold shoulder on us, and omitting us from your party, because you assumed I didn't dance, you have come here this morning, in the name of friendship, to tell me that your cousins, at last, have invited you to dinner. And yet you think it strange that I'm not interested. That's the only reason you came—to let me know that you are a somebody now; and you expected me, as a friend and a nobody, to tell you how glad I am."

Flossy's eyes opened wide. Free as she was accustomed to be in her own utterances, this flow of bitter speech delivered with seer-like intensity, was a new experience to her. She did not know whether to be angry or amused by the indictment, which caused her to wince, notwithstanding that she deemed it slander. Moreover the insinuation that she had been a bore was humiliating.

"I shall not weary you soon again with my confidences," she answered.

"So it appears that you were envious of me all the time—that while you were preaching to me that fashionable society was hollow and un-American, you were secretly unhappy because you couldn't do what I was doing—because you weren't invited, too. Oh, I see it all now; it's clear as daylight. I've suspected the truth for some time, but I've refused to credit it. Now everything is explained. I took you at your word; I believed in you and your husband and looked up to you as literary people—people who were interested in fine and ennobling things. I admired you for the very reason that I thought you didn't care, and that you didn't need to care, about society and fashionable position. I kept saying to you that I envied you your tastes, and let you say that I considered myself your real inferior in my determination to attract attention and oblige society to notice us. I was guileless, and simpleton enough to tell you of my progress—things I would have blushed to tell another woman like myself—because I considered you the embodiment of high aims and spiritual ideas, as far superior to mine as the poetic star is superior to the garish electric light. I thought it might amuse you to listen to my vanities. Instead, it seems you were masquerading and were eating your heart out with envy of me—poor me. You were ambitious to be like me."

"I wouldn't be like you for anything in the world."

"You couldn't if you tried. That's one of the things which this extraordinary interview has made plain beyond the shadow of a doubt. You are aching to be a social success. You are not fit to be. I have found that out for certain to-day."

"It is false," exclaimed Selma, with tragic intonation. "You do not understand. I have no wish to be a social success. I should abhor to spend my

life after the manner of you and your associates. What I object to, what I complain of, is, that in spite of your fine words and pretended admiration of me, you have preferred these people who are exclusive without a shadow of right, to me who was your friend, and that you have chosen to ignore me for the sake of them, and behaved as if you thought I was not their equal or your equal. That is not friendship, it is snobbishness—un-American snobbishness."

She rose, and stood confronting her visitor as though to banish her from the house.

"I'm going," said Flossy. "It's none of my concern, of course, and I'm aware that I appear very rude. I'm anxious though, not to lose faith in your husband, and now that I've begun to understand you my wits are being flooded with light. I was saying that you were not fit to be a social success, and I'm going to tell you why. No one else is likely to, and I'm just mischievous and frank enough. You're one of those American women—I've always been curious to meet one in all her glory—who believe that they are born in the complete panoply of flawless womanhood; that they are by birthright consummate housewives, leaders of the world's thought and ethics, and peerless society queens. All this by instinct, by heritage and without education. That's what you believe, isn't it? And now you are offended because you haven't been invited to become a leader of New York society. You don't understand, and I don't suppose you ever will understand, that a true lady—a

genuine society queen—represents modesty and sweetness and self-control, and gentle thoughts and feelings; that she is evolved by gradual processes from generation to generation, not ready made. Oh, you needn't look at me like that. I'm quite aware that if I were the genuine article I shouldn't be talking to you in this fashion. But there's hope for me because I'm conscious of my shortcomings and am trying to correct them; whereas you are satisfied, and fall to see the difference between yourself and the well-bred women whom you envy and sneer at. You're pretty and smart and superficial, and—er—common, and you don't know it. I'm rather dreadful, but I'm learning. I don't believe you will ever learn. There! Now I'm going!"

"Go!" cried Selma, with a wave of her arm. "Yes, I am one of those women. I am proud to be, and you have insulted by your aspersions, not only me, but the spirit of independent and aspiring American womanhood. You don't understand us; you have nothing in common with us. You think to keep us down by your barriers of caste borrowed from effete European courts, but we—I—the American people, defy you. The time will come when we shall rise in our might and teach you your place. Go! Envy you? I would not become one of your frivolous and purposeless set if you were all on your bended knees before me."

"Oh, yes you would," exclaimed Flossy, glancing back over her shoulder. "And it's because you've not been given the chance that we have quarrelled now."

IN THE COLUMBARIUM.*

In the brickwork there was a rent of no great magnitude, concealed by the branches, yet allowing a narrow glimpse into the interior of the ruin. I could look, without being detected, at the curious sight within.

I called the place a ruin. But though its walls had lost many yards, here and there, of brick or travertine, it still kept its lofty roof; there was a staircase inside all but perfect, nearly opposite us, and a stout column in the centre supported the square edifice. More than half of it was sunk in the ground beneath the accumulated débris of centuries. But as I viewed it, with the moonlight making checkers on the floor, and the grayish-white walls exhibiting tier upon tier of loculi or pigeon-holes, many of which held dusty patena somewhat resembling fruit-plates, I could have fancied myself in a museum. Such, in truth, it was; but a museum of the dead, where literal ashes, taken from the funeral pyre, had been stowed away in classic urns, with epitaphs, often consisting of the name only, and now for the most part effaced, to indicate the noble Roman family, whose slaves or freedmen these tenants of the shelves had been. It was an immense columbarium or dovecote, one of several which stood in close neighborhood among the vines and fig-trees skirting the road to the Porta San Sebastiano.

All that I took in at a glance, the moon serving yet to enlighten this underground hall of burial. But into one corner I could peer more distinctly, for a rude lamp was burning there, of the kind which abounds at Pompell, and in the circle of its illumination stood a

couple of men, cloaked and hatted, so bent upon their own doings that they never once looked up from the loculus or sideboard, on which one was laying out papers, and the other counting them carefully. My guide's hold became a grip. He, too, could see and be astonished.

The cloaked person smoothing out, with visible reluctance, his small thin papers on the funeral slab, I had never beheld. The other, as I expected, was Tiberio. They spoke hardly at all; the operation went forward as by clock-work, save only that the wheels of the clock seemed rusty, and gave an occasional creak or jerk, while the papers mounted into heaps. I had plenty of leisure to scan the countenances, and form my judgment of the character of Sforza's vis-à-vis. There was little fear that we outside should be detected. Certain friendly owls occupied the topmost ledges of the columbarium, and now, troubled by the moon or the lamp, feeble as they were becoming, they flew wildly about, making a welcome diversion. Carluccio, emboldened, put a hand before his mouth and whispered in my ear, "Santa Flora!"

I made the motion with my lips which would have articulated "Brig-and?" The answer was plain in his eyes.

Santa Flora did not correspond to his sanctified name. If a flower at all, he was a flower of evil, wickedness stamping itself legibly on every one of his petals, as the hyacinth bore a lament for beauty on its tender leaves. Thin, wiry and willowy, the apparition would have served well instead of the painted snake which Romans set up to warn intruders away from tombs and sacred enclosures. His long, lean jaws had a venomous snap in them; his distorted

* Arden Massiter. By William Barry. Copyright, 1900, by The Century Co.

nose and a squinting eye gave one the impression of some unsightly fowl that had met with an accident; his forehead, of which he had a good deal, went up to a narrow crown, resembling a sugar-loaf; and on neck and shoulders fell ringletted black hair, which finished off the illusion of a human serpent. Over against him Tiberio was fascinating, in spite of his fixed pallor. This malignant weed struck one as unclean—a toadstool, or other slimy fungus, that dare not be touched, impregnable in its pollution. The thing did not speak much, but occasionally it winced or frowned, as smitten with sudden anguish. Still it laid out of long fingers the pile of notes; evidently money was changing hands. And still Tiberio counted, cool and imperturbable.

A scene like that which we were contemplating, if it excites the nerves, has also in it a power to stir the imagination; the spectator may be conscious of a vision within, while losing not a movement of the actors before his eyes. To me, standing silent there, came the vivid reflection of a world all dust and shadow—*pulvis et umbra sumus*—fallen so low from its golden glories. Rome Imperial, that built magnificently, even for its dead slaves; built on the royal Appian Way, nor spared its marble entablatures, its delicate paintings, remnants of which I could trace under the setting moon, its yearly returning festivals and libations, with flowers laid on tombs, and all the graceful homage which was paid to phantoms, feared, yet still beloved—was it come to this?

Here, in the place of the Manes, inviolate and holy, did wretches steeped in murder balance their accounts, exchanging blood-money, and only the owl shrieked, no shape arose from the under-world to scourge them hence with scorpions, or terrify them with apparitions into madness. An impotent dead, forgotten universe, over the de-

caying heaps of which this putrescence crawled and multiplied!

My vision did not hinder me from remarking that the action of the scene had paused abruptly. Santa Flora counted no more notes on the slab; Tiberio pointed down as if requiring a larger tribute. Their voices rose; they were in hot dispute over the business. But they spat out at one another a jargon, brief and horrible, which to me was an unknown tongue. The human serpent hissed; the tiger answered with formidable movements, and a low and thunderous roar. From thieves' slang they broke into sentences of demand and refusal.

"Why no more to you?" whistled Santa Flora, in a cracked tenor. "I pay down forty thousand lire out of the sixty we got, and your palm itches. Ma barone"—which is, being interpreted, "Look here, my lord!"—"you will leave the boys without a balocco. It cannot be, I tell you." His hand clutched the remaining notes.

"Five thousand more, Santa Flora," said Tiberio, not heeding the argument, "then I will take myself off. The boys are doing well. They know it is for the cause they are laying up this money. What do I spend on my own amusement? Why, not enough to buy sweet parsley."

"Managgia!" whined the human serpent, "Devil be good to me! A wise man does not flay his own skin. Leave the bees a little honey. What would you have got by the fat old borgese, had our picciotti, our bravoni, not thrown a rope round his horns?"

"Eh, blood of San Pantaleone!" answered Tiberio, with his gay and facetious accent, "and when would the picciotti have caught him, if some one else had not watched where he was feeding? Quick, the five thousand! Remember, it is the cause."

"Oh, the cause, the cause, Liverno mio! What care I for la politica? I

love the good old trade. Did Gasperone meddle with State affairs? Yet, who like Gasperone? Send us plenty on the roads that we can skin, and let politics go to the great devil!"

"The five thousand!" repeated Tiberio. "See, the moon is down; why do we stand prating? Eh, mio cuore, know you not the house dog must be fed? Feed me—if not—"

This sudden aposlopesis, or rhetorical pause, seemed to have in it the weight of a cavalry charge. Santa Flora groaned like a man whose throat is getting cut; and the reckoning began again. Carluccio, motionless and attentive hitherto, signed that we must creep further away, which we did with infinite precautions. There was a choking sense of malaria in my mouth, a nausea that I could hardly keep down. Our clothes were wet with the night dews, our limbs benumbed and heavy. The sky was opening out in small gleams of dawn, spectral above this melancholy region, where masses of irregular and fantastic outline began to appear more solidly through the accursed air. We crouched and waited. In half an hour we saw, leaping out of the ruined columbarium, on the side nearest us, Santa Flora, alone. He

seemed to carry no weapon, but as he strode within a yard of our hiding-place I could see a brace of pistols showing their noses from under his dark-blue vest. He kept a sharp lookout in front, and soon vanished in the direction of Cecilia Metalla's round tomb.

"Where does he prowl mostly?" I inquired of Carluccio. To which the lad answered, "Anywhere between Rome and the Montagna del Mattese"—above Cassino—"but when there is nothing doing, the lads stanno a casa; they wait till they get a signal from the capobanda. It is not as in the old days, when once a brigand, always a brigand. Then they lived in the open and enjoyed themselves. Now they must expect the manutengolo to send them business."

"And Tiberio—Liverno, as you call him—is the manutengolo?"

"But surely! who else? Without him Santa Flora could do no stroke. He says true. Have you seen how we catch birds with a looking-glass and a net in the fields? Liverno is the man that holds glass and net. So he takes the fat breasts of the birds, and we eat their thin legs. Ma pazienza! Will he always have the breasts?"

THE LIE.*

One day, about three weeks after the announcement of the strike in Mr. Watson's shops, Jeanie Casey came to Agnes, and said:

"I have been grieving to tell you, and the sinful pride would not let me speak. But now I will. But you mustn't be thinking how that I wouldn't do the same to-morrow if it was to do—for I would.

There is no repentance in me. But I must be telling somebody. I must."

Agnes put her into an easy chair and took away her hat and jacket and kissed her. Jeanie had grown thin; the large simplicity of her gaze was gone; she looked at Agnes straight and square, but with sternness, and there was a curious rigidity about her mouth.

"She is like the pictures of the old covenanters," thought Agnes, "and perhaps I am to blame." Aloud, she

*The Burden of Christopher. By Florence Conserree. Copyright, 1900, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

said: "I've tried to see you, Jeanie, ever since the strike began, but you were always in town, or away somewhere getting money; and this week we thought Christopher was going to have the measles, but he didn't."

"I left little Jean with him in the garden," said Jeanie; and then she folded her hands and sat still in the great chair, and lost herself in her thoughts.

"Tell me how you ever persuaded them to organize," said Agnes, after a few seconds of silence. "It seemed such an impossible task."

"For a long time I'd no hope," Jeanie replied. "They were but staring loons in the beginning; but there were some with husbands, and these got into the way of talking with them, and of a sudden, whether I would have it or no, the thing spread; and after a bit it rolled up like a snowball, verra fast—too fast. And out of my hand it was; and I, there, feeling it to slip and could not stop it. Here in Kenyon a woman will have a bit time of her own for the thinking—but there!—And if there's no thinking there'll be no doing;—or there'll be just blind, crazy doing."

"How do you mean?" said Agnes, uneasily; "don't you approve of this strike?"

"Ay!—of this strike; but that's a verra different matter."

"I don't understand."

"There was a cut-down; and the stitchers were fierce to go out for a rise. The terrible thing it is, Mrs. Kenyon, to feel the people slip out from the power of you, and take their own way. To hold your hand out in a torrent and think to hold the water back, and feel it over-slip the grasp of you, and never stop for you, nor take notice of you that your hand is there. That is it! But the Lord had an eye to His poor. He turned the torrent another way. And to me He showed a mercy that I am not deserving; for it is a verra

sinful woman that I am—verra sinful."

She fell into a reverie again, and said nothing for a long while. At last Agnes touched her hand.

"You said you were going to tell me, Jeanie."

"Yes!—I must be telling somebody."

The voices of the children came up from the garden. There was shouting, and then:—

"Stop, Chrissie!—you hurt! Stop!"

Agnes went to the window and threw it open. Her son was hauling an unwilling little maiden across the untrodden snow.

"Chris!—Chris!—What are you doing? Don't be rude! Remember she is a little girl."

"We're playing strike, mother, and she's a scab, and I'm just giving it to her. Come away, you mean, old traitor you, I'll teach you to take the bread out of my children's mouths!"

"Don't you think you would better play something that isn't quite so rough?" suggested Agnes.

"I don't want to be a 'cab all the time," protested little Jeanie; "it's your turn now."

"I'm not going to be a scab ever, even playing," Christopher cried; and Agnes closed the window and left them to settle the matter as best they could.

Jeanie did not seem to have heard the controversy, but when their hostess came and sat down beside her, she gathered her thoughts together with an evident effort, and began:—

"It's neither here nor there with this strike, what I'm telling you now; it can mak' no difference one way or another to that. It's just for my own self, and that I'm sore wanting a friend."

Agnes felt a sense of relief, for which she reproached herself. She had been dreading some revelation which should prejudice the public against the strikers.

"Tell me, dear!" she whispered, stroking Jeanie's hand.

"There was a day, some while back, —and the forewoman that had left the shop cam' in again to work. The week before that there was the cut-down. The woman was a meddling body, but she meant it for her duty. She was a cruel woman, but God-fearing. Far be it fra' such a weak vessel as I to detract fra' her. They lie in that shop, Mrs. Kenyon, and they tak' what does not belong to them, and they're aye at strife one with another. A heart-breaking place it is. The forewoman took notice of me that day for my good, quick work, and so she saw the other women, how they cam' talking to me, for they were angry with the cut-down —and she did but rub them on the raw places, so they were mad against her, and crazy for the strike. There was not a woman cam' by my chair but did not stop to complain, railing against Annie Curry, the forewoman, and demanding the strike. Then Annie Curry cam' beside me and said, 'Where is it that I've seen you?' and I said, 'I don't know;'—it was true—I didn't know. Then she said to me, 'Have you ever worked in the Kenyon shops?' and I said, 'No, I never have.'"

"Jeanie!"

The Scotchwoman lifted her head and looked sternly for a while at her friend.

"For four months I had worked among these women, Mrs. Kenyon, early and late, to lead them out of the land of Egypt, to learn them the only way to stand out for their bit bread,—when the master cuts and cuts and cuts into the wages. And they were beginning to understand. If I'd left them then,—all that I'd been at would have gone for naught. They'd have rioted a bit, and been brought low, and crowded under to worse blackness and worse hunger. They weren't fit to stand alone,—and do you think I'd

leave them then, just to the saving of my one soul? I'm thinking any way the Lord wouldn't have great need of a soul that could desert his poor, down-trodden ones in their straits. I'm thinking the Lord will not be hard on me for that lie, Mrs. Kenyon."

Agnes realized what a pale, untried morality was hers, in her sheltered life. To remonstrate with this burdened sister seemed impertinence.

"But if the people who are trying to help this strike should find that the strikers were—did—that sometimes they said what wasn't quite straight," she faltered, "I am afraid they might lose sympathy."

"And how many times, tell me, Mrs. Kenyon, has that old man lied to his workers, or made his superintendent lie to them, or made Annie Curry lie to them? Ah, if the people beint brought up on lies by the ones that pretend to be standing for a model to them, do you think they wouldn't be ashamed to lie? But it's give a lie and tak' a lie, till the truth's overlaid so deep, there's no man can come at it even with a pickaxe."

"I know, it is our fault," said Agnes, sadly.

"But don't go to fash yourself about this lie, now, Mrs. Kenyon. It has not a thing to do with the strike. The Lord turned the torrent. These women with their overweening recklessness made Annie Curry suspicious of trade union talk; and you'll be knowing as how that Mr. Watson boasts him that he always had a free shop. And he put up the notices,—and we all cam' out. The women are doing bravely. They'll stick to it better than the men, now they have come to it."

"You think, then, that a lie is justifiable, sometimes?" questioned Agnes. She was troubled.

"I don't know that. But this I know, that the Lord will be waiting to the Judgment Day to say to me, 'Jeanie,'

will He say, 'Jeanie, I thank you verra kindly for that lie.'"

Agnes gasped.

Her friend's eyes blazed.

"If that woman had cam' to you," she cried, "and asked of you in my place the question,—and all those poor things with but you to look to, and only half way to knowing how to get out from their slavery, would you have said yes, and let them turn you out? Could you?"

"No," said Agnes, slowly. "No,—I—oh, I know I should have told the lie. But it's wrong. We don't know the ways of God, Jeanie; they are not our ways. He could bring success, you know, even if we could not see how it was to come."

"But if it's a mistake I've made, oh, Mrs. Kenyon! The Lord could have

showed me another way, if it had been His will so to do. And if it was all to be done over again, I'd be saying the same words. There's no helping it."

"I know—I understand," Agnes whispered soothingly.

"I couldn't tell Jimmie, Mrs. Kenyon. And the nights I lie awake with thinking on it, till my thoughts go a-ring-around dizzy. And it's sickened I am to the sight of food. I had to come to speak with you, to share it. But don't be troubled for the strike—this strike—there is nothing the lie would have to do with that."

"I hope not," Agnes said. But she thought of her father, with his passion for accuracy, for moral purity, his instinctive distrust of the workingman, and her heart sank.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Twelve-and-sixpence a page was all that Thackeray received for his contributions to Fraser's Magazine.

A correspondent of The Academy puts memoirs in three categories: Biographies: Autobiographies: Ought-not-to-be-ographies.

There is said to be no certainty that the Tennyson manuscripts recently discovered at Sheffield will be published. The early drafts of "The Lotus Eaters" and "The Lady of Shalott," which are among them, show many variations from the published text.

The Century Company is introducing to American readers a son of Dr. George MacDonald, whose novels were once so popular, before the "kailyard" school of Scotch novelists arose.

Young Mr. MacDonald's first book is an adventure story of the days of James II, and is called "The Sword of the King."

The industrious press agents who are in the habit of heralding the works of that modest author, Miss Marie Corelli, by a great variety of seductive personal paragraphs, are doing their work with more than usual energy just now, possibly because Miss Corelli has two books in preparation. It is almost impossible to take up an English literary journal which does not contain one or more paragraphs relating to Miss Corelli.

A love of gems for their own sake—not as mere ornaments—is the dominant passion of Lady Caryll Knox, the London beauty who figures as the

heroine of Robert Hichens' latest romance, "The Slave." The mysterious influence exercised over her by an emerald of fabulous value is described with a variety of incident and a brilliancy of style which leave it to each reader to determine whether the book is a sensational novel or a psychological study. The sympathetic delineation of life among the young acrobats of the London stage forms a striking contrast to the rest of the story, and is perhaps its most notable feature. Herbert S. Stone & Co.

The volume by Mr. Macpherson, originally announced as "Herbert Spencer's Life and Works," has been changed to "Spencer and Spencerism." This was at Mr. Spencer's wish, as he was apprehensive that the book would be regarded as a biography. The book, however, has Mr. Spencer's sanction.

According to the London Publishers' Circular, nothing has recently been more remarkable than the public neglect of war-books. The production has far outrun the demand. At the beginning of the war extravagant calculations were made. This volume of reprinted letters was said to be worth so many thousands sterling, and others so many thousands more, but in most cases the profits are not to be reckoned even in hundreds sterling. Scores of bright young correspondents, who have counted on a revenue from this source, are doomed to disappointment, as publishers are receiving with coldness their propositions.

The anxiety felt by grown-up sons and daughters for the seemly walk and conversation of their parents is entertainingly set forth in Katharine Tynan Hinkson's "Oh, What a Plague is Love," which A. C. McClurg & Co. publish. The story is saved from being pure farce by unexpected touches of

sympathy in the character drawing, and the elderly gentleman who is the cause of solicitude in his matrimonial quests proves himself after all to be not only more courtly and winning, but more deeply kind and simple-hearted than his guardian children. There are several pretty love stories in the book, and it is full of brightness and fun.

The three young Hungarian noblemen who are the heroes of Maurus Jokai's "The Baron's Sons," are men of strikingly unlike temperaments, and their experiences at the time of the revolution of 1848 are followed with interest. But it is the mother of these sons, the dauntless woman who dares to brave her husband's dying wishes, and who bends all her noble energy toward making her boys the diametrical opposites of what their "stony-hearted" father planned, who is the most absorbingly interesting person in the book. The story is crowded with incident and adventure, is vigorous in style, and gives an exciting account of life at St. Petersburg and Vienna. L. C. Page & Co.

An intensely exciting novel, based upon a Mexican uprising of fifty years ago, is "A Dream of a Throne," by Charles Fleming Embree, which Little, Brown & Co. publish. The leader of the rising is the last representative of a royal house, and a young American soldier in the employ of the Mexican government is the man who hunts him down. Excellent foils as these two men are for each other, quite as striking a pair are the two girls, Pepa and Clarita, who give unlike allegiance to the two men. It is the equally ardent loyalty or treachery of one of these heroines which harrowingly complicates an already dramatic plot. The descriptions of a manner of life wholly foreign to us, the realness of the minor characters, a vigorous picturesqueness,

and, withal, a fine portrayal of two contrasting race types, make the book a notable one.

To make a bridge between the philosophies of Carlyle and Tolstoi is the aim of Mrs. May Alden Ward's "Prophets of the Nineteenth Century." It contains sympathetic and discerning sketches of three lives, Carlyle's, Ruskin's and Tolstoi's, and the significance of their message, the influence of one man upon another being interestingly set forth. Crisp and compact, with a pleasant narrative style and in a convenient pocket size, the timely little volume will find acceptance. Little, Brown & Co.

A book to be devoured by the average girl is "Memory Street," by Martha Baker Dunn, which L. C. Page & Co. publish. The heroine, who tells the tale herself, first appears as an entertaining and weirdly intelligent child, with the determination to avoid the evils of matrimony, but her progress is marked by acquaintance with a number of young men who in fiction or out of it would be considered decidedly pleasant fellows, and her original intentions undergo a change. An old mansion house, one hero who vibrates between England and America, picnics and parties, a delightful fairy godmother and a whole company of well-bred people, make the book a pleasant one; but there is also an earnest note under all the sprightliness which gives it additional worth.

A narrative that was new and exciting three-quarters of a century ago, and will be almost as new and decidedly as fascinating to its present-day readers, is the "Historical Memoirs of Alexander I and the Court of Russia," by the Comtesse de Choiseul-Gouffier. It is fact rendered more entertaining than fiction. The Comtesse, who was an intimate friend of the Emperor, and

whose book is the source from which many historians have drawn their personal sketches, wrote with a vivid admiration for the man whom she makes a hero, and with a charm that it is impossible to escape. Many people of note, Russian, Polish or French, figure in these captivating pages, which are interesting in their unconscious revelation of the writer herself as in their deliberate and sometimes even amusing hero-worship. The translation, by Mary Berenice Patterson, is excellent. A. C. McClurg & Co.

The following graphic description of Tolstoi's literary habits is given by the German journal, *Die Woche*:—

Tolstoi takes the utmost pains with his work. His manuscripts are written five or six times, and sometimes he writes single chapters ten times over before he is satisfied with them. His corrections are a torture for compositors, since he fills page after page with new words and sentences, and also makes numerous erasures and other alterations. The last proof shows as much evidence of careful study as the first one, and it is not too much to say that every line which he writes is rather wrung from him than voluntarily given to the printer. Countess Sophie is the most severe critic of his works, and her judgment has much weight with him. He has thrown aside a completed romance because she did not like it, and nothing will induce him to publish it. He also likes to read his new works, before they are published, to a few intimate friends, and the suggestions which he receives on such occasions cause him to make several alterations. Thus, in the hope of obtaining some useful suggestions, he read "The Power of Darkness" to a group of peasants, but he was most painfully surprised to discover that the most startling scenes in the book, scenes which he himself could not read without tears, only evoked loud laughter from them.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Back to Christ. By Walter Spence. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Baden-Powell, The Story of. By Harold Begbie. Grant Richards.
- Baron's Sons, The. By Maurus Jokai. L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Birds, Among the, in Northern Shires. By Charles Dixon. Blackie & Sons.
- Black Homer of Jimtown, The. By Ed. Mott. Grosset & Dunlap. Price, \$1.25.
- Black Terror, The. By John K. Leys. L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Bride Roses. By W. D. Howells. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$0.50.
- British People, The Origin and Character of the. By Nottidge Charles Macnamara. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Chevalier of the Splendid Crest, The. By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Blackwood & Sons.
- Colombian and Venezuelan Republics, The. By William L. Scruggs. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$2.50.
- Crown of Christ, The. By R. E. Hutton. Vol. II, Easter to Advent. Rivingtons.
- David and His Friends. By Louis Albert Banks. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Decatur, Stephen. The Beacon Biographies. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Small, Maynard & Co. Price, \$0.75.
- Diary of a Dreamer, The. By Alice Dew Smith. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Dread and Fear of Kings, The. By J. Breckenridge Ellis. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Dream of a Throne, A. By Charles Fleming Embree. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Drift Verses. By Horatio F. Brown. Grant Richards.
- England and America after Independence. By Edward Smith. Archibald Constable & Co.
- Emperor Alexander I, and the Court of Russia, Historical Memoirs of. By Mme. la Comtesse de Choiseul-Geuffier. Translated by Mary Berenice Patterson. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Fast and Loose. By Major Arthur Griffiths. John Macqueen.
- Georgie. By S. E. Kiser. Small, Maynard & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Gifts of Enemies, The. By G. E. Mitton. A. & C. Black.
- Ladysmith, The Siege of. By R. J. McHugh. Chapman & Hall.
- Little Lady Mary. By Horace G. Hutchinson. Smith, Elder & Co.
- McLoughlin and Old Oregon. By Eva Emery Dye. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Memory Street. By Martha Baker Dunn. L. C. Page & Co.
- Mystery of Muncraig, The. By Robert James Muir. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Oh, What a Plague is Love. By Katharine Tynan. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$0.75.
- Prophets of the Nineteenth Century. Carlyle, Ruskin, Tolstol. By May Alden Ward. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$0.75.
- Room Forty-five. By W. D. Howells. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$0.50.
- Ruskin, John. By Mrs. Meynell. Blackwood Sons.
- Scenery, The Scientific Study of. By John E. Marr. Methuen & Co.
- To the Healing of the Sea. By Francis H. Hardy. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Wadham College, Oxford, Sketches of. By Edwin Glasgow. Methuen & Co.
- War, Side-lights on the. By Lady Sykes. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Wedge of War, The. By Frances S. Hallows. Elliot Stock.

